Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/authorsfarcewith00fiel

THE AUTHOR's FARCE; WITH A *PUPPET-SHOW*; CALL'D THE PLEASURES *of the* TOWN.

As Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Written by *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

——— *Quis* iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Juv. Sat. 1.

The THIRD EDITION.

This PIECE was Originally Acted at the *Hay-Market*, and Revived some Years after at *Drury-Lane*, when it was Revised, and greatly Alter'd by the AUTHOR, as now Printed.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

MDCCL. *Price 1s. 6d.*

Axson
PR
3454
.A9

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *JONES.*

TOO long the Tragick Muſe hath aw'd the Stage,
And frightned Wives and Children with her Rage.
Too long Drawcanſir *roars,* Parthenope *weeps,*
While ev'ry Lady cries, and Critick ſleeps.
With Ghoſts, Rapes, Murders, tender Hearts they wound,
Or elſe, like Thunder, terrify with Sound.
When the skill'd Actreſs to her weeping Eyes,
With artful Sigh, the Handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each Sympathizing Nymph appears?
And Box and Gallery both melt in Tears.
Or, when in Armour of Corinthian *Braſs,*
Heroick Actor ſtares you in the Face,
And cries aloud with Emphaſis that's fit, on
Liberty, Freedom, Liberty and Briton;
While frowning, gaping for Applauſe he ſtands,
What generous Briton *can refuſe his Hands?*
Like the tame Animals deſign'd for Show,
You have your Cues to clap, as they to bow?
Taught to commend, your Judgments have no Share;
By Chance you gueſs aright, by Chance you err.

But Handkerchiefs and Britain *laid aſide,*
To Night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

PROLOGUE.

In Days of Yore, when Fools were held in Faſhion,
Tho' now, alas! all baniſh'd from the Nation,
A merry Jeſter had reform'd his Lord,
Who wou'd have ſcorn'd the ſterner Stoick's *Word.*

Bred in Democritus *his laughing Schools,*
Our Author flies ſad Heraclitus' *Rules:*
No Tears, no Terror plead in his Behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the Tragick or the Comick Name,
Farces and Puppet-ſhows ne'er miſs of Fame.
Since then, in borrow'd Dreſs, they've pleaſed the Town;
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.

Smiles we expect, from the Good-natur'd few;
As ye are done by, ye Malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him, who laughs at you.

Perſons

Perſons in the FARCE.

MEN.

Luckleſs, *the Author and Maſter of the Show*,		Mr. *Mullart.*
Witmore, *his Friend*,		Mr. *Lacy.*
Marplay *ſen.*	*Comedians.*	Mr. *Reynolds*,
Marplay *jun.*		Mr. *Stopler.*
Bookweight, a *Bookſeller*,		Mr. *Jones.*
Scarecrow,	*Scriblers.*	Mr. *Marſhal.*
Daſh,		Mr. *Hallam.*
Quibble,		Mr. *Dove.*
Blotpage,		Mr. *Wells*, Jun.
Index,		
Jack, *Servant to* Luckleſs,		Mr. *Achurch.*
Jack-Pudding,		Mr. *Reynolds.*
Bantomite,		Mr. *Marſhal.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. Moneywood, *the Author's Landlady*,	Mrs. *Mullart.*
Harriot, *her Daughter*,	Miſs *Palms.*

Perſon

Perſons in the PUPPET-SHOW.

Player,	Mr. *Dove.*
Conſtable,	Mr. *Wells.*
Murder-text, *A Presbyterian Parſon,*	Mr. *Hallam.*
Goddeſs of Nonſenſe,	Mrs. *Mullart.*
Charon,	Mr. *Ayres.*
Curry, *a Bookſeller,*	Mr. *Dove.*
A Poet,	Mr. *W. Hallam.*
Signior Opera,	Mr. *Stopler.*
Don Tragedio,	Mr. *Marſhal,*
Sir Farcical Comick,	Mr. *Davenport.*
Dr. Orator,	Mr. *Jones.*
Monſieur Pantomime,	Mr. *Knott.*
Mrs. Novel,	Mrs. *Martin.*
Robgrave, *the Sexton,*	Mr. *Harris.*
Sailor,	Mr. *Achurch.*
Somebody,	Mr. *Harris,* Jun.
Nobody,	Mr. *Wells,* Jun.
Punch,	Mr. *Reynolds.*
Joan,	Mr. *Hicks.*
Lady Kingcall,	Miſs *Clarke.*
Mrs. Cheat'em,	Mrs. *Wind.*
Mrs. Glaſs-ring,	Mrs. *Blunt.*
Count Ugly,	———

THE

THE AUTHOR's FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Luckleſs's *Room in Mrs.* Moneywood's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Moneywood, Harriot, Luckleſs.

MONEYWOOD.

NEVER tell me, Mr. *Luckleſs*, of your Play, and your Play. I tell you, I muſt be paid. I would no more depend on a Benefit-Night of an unacted Play, than I would on a Benefit-Ticket in an undrawn Lottery. Cou'd I have gueſs'd that I had a Poet in my Houſe! Cou'd I have look'd for a Poet under lac'd Clothes!

Luck. Why not? ſince you may often find Poverty under them: Nay, they are commonly the Signs of it: And therefore, why may not a Poet be ſeen in them as well as a Courtier?

Money. Do you make a Jeſt of my Misfortune, Sir?

Luck. Rather *my* Misfortune. I am ſure I have a better Title to Poverty than you; for notwithſtanding the handſom Figure I make, unleſs you are ſo good to invite me, I am afraid I ſhall ſcarce prevail on my Stomach to dine to-day.

Money. O never fear that; you will never want a Dinner till you have dined at all the Eating-houſes round. —— No one ſhuts their Doors againſt you the firſt time; and I think you are ſo kind, ſeldom to trouble them a ſecond.

Luck. No— And if you will give me leave to walk out of *your* Doors, the Devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, Sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you pleaſe.

Luck. With all my Heart, Madam; get me a Pen and Ink, and I'll give you my Note for it immediately.

Money. Your Note! Who will diſcount it? Not your Bookſeller, for he has as many of your Notes as he has of your Works, Both good laſting Ware, and which are never likely to go out of his Shop, and his Scrutore.

Har. Nay, but Madam, 'tis barbarous to inſult him in this manner.

Money. No doubt you'll take his Part. Pray, get you about your Buſineſs. I ſuppoſe he intends to pay me, by ruining you. Get you in, this Inſtant, and remember if ever I ſee you with him again, I'll turn you out of Doors.

SCENE II.

Luckleſs, *Mrs.* Moneywood.

Luck. Diſcharge all your Ill-nature on me, Madam, but ſpare poor Miſs *Harriot*.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have ſuſpected your Familiarity a long while. You are a baſe Man. Is it not enough to ſtay three Months in my Houſe without paying me a Farthing, but you muſt ruin my Child?

Luck. I love her as my Soul. Had I the World, I'd give it her all.

Money. But as you happen to have nothing in the World, I deſire you would have nothing to ſay to her. I ſuppoſe you wou'd have ſettled all your Caſtles in the Air. Oh! I wiſh you had liv'd in one of them, inſtead of

of my Houſe. Well, I am reſolv'd, when you are gone away (which I heartily hope will be very ſoon) I'll hang over my Door in great red Letters, *No Lodgings for Poets.* —— Sure, never was ſuch a Gueſt as you have been. My Floor is all ſpoil'd with Ink, my Windows with Verſes, and my Door has been almoſt beat down with Duns.

Luck. Would your Houſe had been beaten down, and every thing, but my dear *Harriot*, cruſh'd under it.

Money. Sir, Sir ——

Luck. Madam, Madam! I will attack you at your own Weapons; I will pay you in your own Coin.

Money. I wiſh you wou'd pay me in any Coin, Sir.

Luck. Look ye, Madam, I'll do as much as a reaſonable Woman can require; I'll ſhew you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you pleaſe to accept it.

[*Turns his Pockets inſide out.*

Money. I will not be us'd in this manner. No, Sir, I will be paid, if there be any ſuch thing as Law.

Luck. By what Law you will put Money into my Pocket, I know not; for I never heard of any one who got Money by the Law, but the Lawyers. I have told you already, and, I tell you again, that the firſt Money I get ſhall be yours; and I have great Expectations from my Play. In the mean time, your ſtaying here can be of no Service, and you may poſſibly drive ſome fine Thoughts out of my Head. I wou'd write a Love-Scene, and your Daughter wou'd be more proper Company on that Occaſion, than you.

Money. You wou'd act a Love-Scene, I believe, but I ſhall prevent you; for I intend to diſpoſe of myſelf, before my Daughter.

Luck. Diſpoſe of yourſelf!

Money. Yes, Sir, diſpoſe of myſelf—— 'Tis very well known, that I have had very good Offers ſince my laſt dear Husband died. I might have had an Attorney of *New-Inn*, or Mr. *Fiill-pot* the Exciſe-man: Yes, I had my Choice of two Parſons, or a Doctor of Phyſick; and yet I ſlighted them all; yes I ſlighted them for—— for——for you.

Luck.

Luck. For me!

Money. Yes, you have ſeen too viſible Marks of my Paſſion; too viſible for my Reputation. [*Sobbing.*

Luck. I have heard very loud Tokens of your Paſſion; but I rather took it for the Paſſion of Anger, than of Love.

Money. Oh! it was Love indeed: Nothing but Love upon my Soul.

Luck. The Devil! This way of Dunning is worſe than the other.

Money. If thou canſt not pay me in Money, let me have it in Love.—If I break through the Modeſty of my Sex, let my Paſſion excuſe it—— I know the World will call it an impudent Action; but if you will let me reſerve all I have to myſelf, I will make myſelf yours for ever.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my Declaration, you poor beggarly Fellow? You ſhall repent this, remember you ſhall repent it, remember that. I'll ſhew you the Revenge of an injur'd Woman.

Luck. I ſhall never repent any thing that rids me of you, I am ſure.

SCENE III.

Luckleſs, Harriot.

Luck. Dear *Harriot!*

Har. I have waited an Opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my Dear, I am ſo ſick.

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your Mother! your Mother!

Har. What, has ſhe been Scolding ever ſince?

Luck. Worſe! worſe!

Har. Heav'n forbid, ſhe ſhould threaten to go to Law with you.

Luck. Oh, worſe! worſe! She threatens to go to Church with me. She has made me a generous Offer, that if I will but marry her, ſhe will ſuffer me to ſettle all ſhe has upon her.

Har.

Har. Generous Creature! Sure you will not reſiſt the Propoſal?

Luck. Hum! what wou'd you adviſe me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettieſt, fineſt, lovelieſt, ſweeteſt Couple—Auh! what a delicate Diſh of Matrimony you will make? Her Age with your Youth, her Avarice with your Extravagance, and her Scolding with your Poetry.

Luck. Nay, but I am ſerious, and I deſire you wou'd be ſo. You know my unhappy Circumſtances, and your Mother's Wealth. It would be at leaſt a prudent Match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha, the World will ſay, Lard! who could have thought Mr. *Luckleſs* had had ſo much Prudence. This one Action will overbalance all the Follies of your Life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: But, dear *Harriot*, how can I think of loſing you for ever? And yet as our Affairs ſtand, I ſee no Poſſibility of our being happy together. It will be ſome Pleaſure too, that I may have it in my Power to ſerve you. Believe me it is with the utmoſt Reluctance I think of parting with you: For if it was in my Power to have you——

Har. Oh, I am very much oblig'd to you—I believe you—Yes, you need not ſwear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as eaſily conſult Prudence, and part with me? for I wou'd not buy my own Happineſs at the Price of yours.

Har. I thank you, Sir,——part with you—intolerable Vanity!

Luck. Then I am reſolv'd, and ſo, my good Landlady, have at you.

Har. Stay, Sir, let me acquaint you with one thing; you are a Villain! and don't think I'm vex'd at any thing, but that I ſhou'd have been ſuch a Fool, as ever to have had a good Opinion of you. [*Crying.*

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught by *Jupiter!* And did my dear *Harriot* think me in Earneſt?

Har. And was you not in Earneſt?

Luck.

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty Woman will be ſooner in Earneſt to part with her Beauty, or a great Man with his Power.

Har. I wiſh I were aſſur'd of the Sincerity of your Love.

AIR. *Butter'd Peaſe.*

Luck. *Does my deareſt* Harriot *ask*
What for Love I wou'd purſue?
Wou'd you, Charmer, know what Task
I wou'd undertake for you?

Ask the bold Ambitious, what
He for Honours wou'd atchieve?
Or the gay Voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for Pleaſure give?

Ask the Miſer what he'd do,
To amaſs exceſſive Gain?
Or the Saint, what he'd purſue,
His wiſh'd Heav'n to obtain?

Theſe I wou'd attempt, and more:
For Oh! my Harriot *is to me,*
All Ambition, Pleaſure, Store,
Or what Heav'n itſelf can be!

Har. *Wou'd my deareſt* Luckleſs *know,*
What his conſtant Harriot *can*
Her tender Love and Faith to ſhow,
For her dear, her only Man.

Ask the vain Coquette, what ſhe
For Mens Adoration wou'd;
Or from Cenſure to be free,
Ask the vile cenſorious Prude.

In a Coach and Six to ride,
What the mercenary Jade,
Or the Widow to be Bride
To a briſk broad-ſhoulder'd Blade.

All

All theſe I wou'd attempt for thee,
Cou'd I but thy Paſſion fix;
Thy Will, my ſole Commander be,
And thy Arms my Coach and Six.

Money. [*within.*] *Harriot, Harriot.*

Har. Hear the dreadful Summons, adieu. I will take the firſt Opportunity of ſeeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty Charmer; go thy ways for the firſt of thy Sex.

SCENE IV.

Luckleſs, Jack.

Luck. So! What News bring you!

Jack. An't pleaſe your Honour, I have been at my Lord's, and his Lordſhip thanks you for the Favour you have offer'd of reading your Play to him; but he has ſuch a prodigious deal of Buſineſs, he begs to be excus'd. I have been with Mr. *Keyber* too: He made me no Anſwer at all. Mr. *Bookweight* will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my other Hat hither. Carry it to the Pawnbrokers.

Jack. To your Honour's own Pawnbroker.

Luck. Ay—And in thy way home, call at the Cook's Shop. So, one way or other I find, my Head muſt always provide for my Belly.

SCENE. V.

Luckleſs, Witmore.

Luck. I am ſurpriſed! dear *Witmore!*

Wit. Dear *Harry!*

Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a Man in this Age, who can be a Friend

Friend to Adverſity, than that Fortune ſhould be ſo much my Friend, as to direct you to me; for ſhe is a Lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wi. She who told me, I aſſure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your Unkindneſs in not Viſiting her; Mrs. *Lovewood.*

Luck. Doſt thou viſit there ſtill, then?

Wit. I throw an idle Hour away there ſometimes. When I am in an ill Humour, I am ſure of feeding it there with all the Scandal in Town; for no Bawd is half ſo diligent in looking after Girls with an uncrack'd Maidenhead, as ſhe in ſearching out Women with crack'd Reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous Office of the two.

Wit. Thou art ſtill a Favourer of the Women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the Women and the Muſes; the high Roads to Beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of Scribling yet?

Luck. No, Scribling is as impoſſible to cure as the Gout.

Wit. And as ſure a Sign of Poverty as the Gout of Riches. 'Sdeath! in an Age of Learning and true Politeneſs, where a Man might ſucceed by his Merit, there would be ſome Encouragement. But now, when Party and Prejudice carry all before them, when Learning is decried, Wit not underſtood, when the Theatres are Puppet-Shows, and the Comedians Ballad-Singers: When Fools lead the Town, wou'd a Man think to thrive by his Wit? If you muſt write, write Nonſenſe, write Operas, write *Hurlo-thrumbo's*, ſet up an *Oratory* and preach Nonſenſe; and you may meet with Encouragement enough. Be profane, be ſcurrilous, be immodeſt; if you wou'd receive Applauſe, deſerve to receive Sentence at the *Old-Baily:* And if you wou'd ride in a Coach, deſerve to ride in a Cart.

Luck.

Luck. You are warm, my Friend.

Wit. It is becauſe I am your Friend. I cannot bear to hear the Man I love ridiculed by Fools, by Idiots—— To hear a Fellow, who had he been born a *Chineſe*, had ſtarv'd for want of Genius, to have been even the loweſt Mechanick, toſs up his empty Noddle with an affected Diſdain of what he has not underſtood; and Women abuſing what they have neither ſeen nor read, from an unreaſonable Prejudice to an honeſt Fellow, whom they have not known. If thou wilt write againſt all theſe Reaſons get a Patron, be Pimp to ſome worthleſs Man of Quality, write Panegyricks on him, flatter him with as many Virtues as he has Vices: Then perhaps you will engage his Lordſhip, his Lordſhip engages the Town on your Side, and then write till your Arms ake, Senſe or Nonſenſe, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too ſatirical on Mankind. It is poſſible to thrive in the World by juſtifiable Means.

Wit. Ay, juſtifiable, and ſo they are juſtifiable by Cuſtom. What does the Soldier or Phyſician thrive by, but Slaughter? The Lawyer, but by Quarrels? The Courtier, but by Taxes? The Poet, but by Flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting Mankind, but the Husbandman, and the Merchant: The one gives you the Fruit of your own Soil, the other brings you thoſe from Abroad; and yet theſe are repreſented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well, but prithee leave Railing, and tell me what you wou'd adviſe me to do?

Wit. Do! why, thou art a vigorous young Fellow, and there are rich Widows in Town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then——for I ſuppoſe you are not mad enough to have any Engagement with a poor Miſtreſs.

Luck. Even ſo, faith, and ſo heartily that I wou'd not change her for the Widow of a *Cræſus*.

Wit.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches Ruin beyond Retrieval. What unfortunate Stars wert thou born under! Was it not enough to follow thoſe nine ragged Jades the Muſes, but you muſt faſten on ſome Earth-born Miſtreſs as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [*within.*] Order my Chairmen to call on me at St. *James*'s—No, let 'em ſtay.

Wit. Heyday! whom the Devil have we here?

Luck. The young Captain, Sir, no leſs Perſon, I aſſure you.

SCENE VI.

Luckleſs, Witmore, Marplay *junior.*

Mar. jun. Mr. *Luckleſs*, I kiſs your Hands — Sir, I am your moſt obedient humble Servant; you ſee, Mr. *Luckleſs*, what Power you have over me. I attend your Commands, tho' ſeveral Perſons of Quality have ſtaid at Court for me above this Hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you—I have a Tragedy for your Houſe, Mr. *Marplay.*

Mar. jun. Ha! If you will ſend it to me, I will give you my Opinion of it, and if I can make any Alterations in it that will be for its Advantage, I will do it freely.

Wit. Alterations, Sir?

Mar. jun. Yes, Sir, Alterations—I will maintain it, let a Play be never ſo good, without Alteration it will do nothing.

Wit. Very odd indeed.

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, Sir?

Wit. No, Sir, I thank Heav'n.

Mar. jun. Oh! your humble Servant—your very humble Servant, Sir. When you write yourſelf, you will find the Neceſſity of Alterations. Why, Sir, wou'd you gueſs that I had alter'd *Shakeſpear?*

Wit. Yes faith, Sir, no one ſooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to ſee the Plays when they are brought to us, a Parcel of crude, undigeſted

digeſted Stuff. We are the Perſons, Sir, who lick them into Form, that mould them into Shape—The Poet make the Play indeed! The Colour-man might be as well ſaid to make the Picture, or the Weaver the Coat: My Father and I, Sir, are a Couple of poetical Tailors; when a Play is brought us, we conſider it as a Tailor does his Coat, we cut it, Sir, we cut it: And let me tell you, we have the exact Meaſure of the Town, we know how to fit their Taſte. The Poets between you and me, are a Pack of ignorant——

Wit. Hold, hold, Sir. This is not quite ſo civil to Mr. *Luckleſs:* Beſides, as I take it, you have done the Town the Honour of writing yourſelf.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a Man of Senſe, and expreſs yourſelf well. I did, as you ſay, once make a ſmall Sally into *Parnaſſus*, took a ſort of flying Leap over *Helicon:* But if ever they catch me there again——— Sir, the Town have a Prejudice to my Family; for if any Play cou'd have made them aſhamed to damn it, mine muſt. It was all over Plot. It wou'd have made half a dozen Novels: Nor was it cram'd with a pack of Wit-traps, like *Congreve*, and *Wycherly*, where every one knows when the Joke was coming. I defy the ſharpeſt Critick of 'em all to have known when any Jokes of mine were coming. The Dialogue was plain, eaſy, and natural, and not one ſingle Joke in it from the Beginning to the End: Beſides, Sir, there was one Scene of tender melancholy Converſation, enough to have melted a Heart of Stone; and yet they damn'd it: And they damn'd themſelves; for they ſhall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the Town, Sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, Sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unleſs I am forc'd to it.

Luck. That's no eaſy thing, *Marplay.*

Mar. jun. Yes, Sir. Odes, Odes, a Man may be oblig'd to write thoſe you know.

Luck. } Ha, ha, ha. That's true indeed.
Wit. }

Luck. But about my Tragedy, Mr. *Marplay?*

Mar. jun. I believe my Father is at the Playhouſe: If you pleaſe we will read it now; but I muſt call on a young Lady firſt——Hey! Who's there? Is my Footman there? Order my Chair to the Door—Your Servant, Gentlemen——*Caro vien.* [*Exit ſinging.*

Wit. This is the moſt finiſh'd Gentleman I ever ſaw, and hath not, I dare ſwear, his Equal.

Luck. If he has; here he comes.

SCENE VII.

Luckleſs, Witmore, Bookweight.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your very humble Servant.

Book. I was told, Sir, that you had particular Buſineſs with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr. *Bookweight*; I have ſomething to put into your Hands. I have a Play for you, Mr. *Bookweight.*

Book. Is it accepted, Sir?

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh! Sir, when it is, it will be then Time enough to talk about it. A Play like a Bill is of no value till it is accepted: Nor indeed when it is, very often. Beſides, Sir, our Playhouſes are grown ſo plenty, and our Actors ſo ſcarce, that really Plays are become very bad Commodities. But pray, Sir, do you offer it to the Players or the Patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the Players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that: But a Play which will do on the Stage, will not always do for us; there are your Acting Plays, and your Reading Plays.

Wit. I do not underſtand that Diſtinction.

Book. Why, Sir, your Acting Play is intirely ſupported by the Merit of the Actor; in which Caſe it ſignifies very little whether there be any Senſe in it or no. Now your Reading Play is of a different Stamp, and muſt have Wit and Meaning in't. Theſe latter I call your Subſtantive, as being able to ſupport themſelves. The former

are

are your Adjective, as what require the Buffoonry, and Geſtures of an Actor to be join'd with 'em to ſhew their Signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined truly.

Luck. Well, but Mr. *Bookweight*, will you advance Fifty Guineas on my Play?

Book. Fifty Guineas! Yes, Sir. You ſhall have them with all my Heart, if you will give me Security for 'em. Fifty Guineas for a Play? Sir, I wou'd not give Fifty Shillings.

Luck. S'death, Sir! Do you beat me down at this rate?

Book. No, nor Fifty Farthings. Fifty Guineas! Indeed your Name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack! take this worthy Gentleman, and kick him down Stairs.

Book. Sir, I ſhall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, Sir, will you pleaſe to bruſh?

Book. Help! Murder! I'll have the Law of you, Sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VIII.

Luckleſs, Witmore, *Mrs.* Moneywood.

Money. What Noiſe is this? It is a very fine Thing truly, Mr. *Luckleſs*, that you will make theſe Uproars in my Houſe.

Luck. If you diſlike it, it is in your Power to drown a much greater. Do you but ſpeak, Madam, and I am ſure no one will be heard but yourſelf.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine Reflexions on my Character! Sir, Sir, all the Neighbours know that I have been as quiet a Woman as ever liv'd in the Pariſh. I had no Noiſes in my Houſe till you came. We were the Family of Love. But you have been a Nuſance to the whole Neighbourhood. While you had Money my Doors were thundered at every Morning at Four and Five by Coachmen and Chairmen, and ſince you have had

none, my Houſe has been beſieg'd all Day by Creditors and Bailiffs: Then there's the Raſcal your Man, but I will pay the Dog, I will ſcour him.——Sir, I am glad you are a Witneſs of his Abuſes of me.

Wit. I am indeed, Madam, a Witneſs how unjuſtly he has abus'd you. [Jack *whiſpers* Luckleſs.

Luck. Witmore, excuſe me a Moment.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Moneywood, Witmore.

Money. Yes, Sir; and Sir, a Man that has never ſhewn one the Colour of his Money.

Wit. Very hard, truly: How much may he be in your Debt, pray? Becauſe he has order'd me to pay you.

Money. Ah! Sir, I wiſh he had.

Wit. I am ſerious, I aſſure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the Bill as we ſettled it this very Morning. I always thought indeed Mr. *Luckleſs* had a great deal of Honeſty in his Principles; any Man may be unfortunate: But I knew when he had Money I ſhou'd have it; and what ſignifies dunning a Man, when he hath it not? Now that is a Way with ſome People which I cou'd never come into.

Wit. There, Madam, is your Money. You may give Mr. *Luckleſs* the Receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many Thanks. I am ſure it is almoſt as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a Sum to-morrow Morning. Well, if Mr. *Luckleſs* was but a little ſoberer, I ſhould like him for a Lodger exceedingly; for I muſt ſay, I think him a very pleaſant good-humour'd Man.

SCENE X.

Luckleſs, Witmore, Moneywood.

Luck. Thoſe are Words I never heard out of that Mouth before.

Money.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be merry, ha, ha!

Luck. Why *Witmore*, thou haſt the Faculty oppoſite to that of a Witch; and can'ſt lay a Tempeſt. I ſhou'd as ſoon have imagin'd one Man cou'd have ſtopt a Cannon-Ball in its full Force, as her Tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the beſt Company in the World, Sir, and ſo full of his Similitudes.

Wit. Luckleſs, good Morrow: I ſhall ſee you ſoon again.

Luck. Let it be ſoon, I beſeech you; for thou haſt brought a Calm into this Houſe that was ſcarce ever in it before.

SCENE XI.

Luckleſs, *Mrs.* Moneywood, Jack.

Money. Well, Mr. *Luckleſs*, you are a comical Man, to give one ſuch a Character to a Stranger.

Luck. The Company is gone, Madam; and now, like true Man and Wife, we may fall to abuſing one another as faſt as we pleaſe.

Money. Abuſe me as you pleaſe, ſo you pay me, Sir.

Luck. 'Sdeath! Madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, Sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't queſtion your Payment at all: If you was to ſtay in my Houſe this Quarter of a Year, as I hope you will, I ſhou'd not ask you for a Farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll.——But I ſhall have her begin with her Paſſion immediately; and I had rather be the Object of her Rage for a Year, than of her Love for half an Hour.

Money. But why did you chooſe to ſurpriſe me with my Money? why did you not tell me you wou'd pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you!

Money. Yes, you told me of a Play and Stuff: But you never told me you wou'd order a Gentleman to pay me. A ſweet pretty good-humour'd Gentleman he is, Heav'n bleſs him. Well, you have comical ways with

you: but you have Honesty at the Bottom, and I'm sure the Gentleman himself will own I gave you that Character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now—You see, Madam, I am better than my Word to you; did he pay it you in Gold or Silver?

Money. All pure Gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of Silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in Silver? that will be of use to you in the Shop too.

Money. Any thing to oblige you, Sir!

Luck. Jack, bring out the great Bag, Number *One*. Please to tell the Money, Madam, on that Table.

Money. It's easily told: Heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the Bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why then, come and help to thrust a heavier Bag out.

Money. What do you mean?

Luck. Only to pay you in my Bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, Dog, I'll swear a Robbery, and have you hang'd: Rogues, Villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please.— [*Shuts the Door.* *Jack*, call a Coach, and d'ye hear, get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Playhouſe.

Luckleſs, Marplay *ſenior*, Marplay *junior*.

LUCKLESS [*Reads.*]

" THEN hence my Sorrows, hence my ev'ry Fear;
" No matter where, ſo we are bleſs'd together.
" With thee, the barren Rocks, where not one ſtep
" Of human Race lies printed in the Snow,
" Look lovely as the ſmiling Infant Spring.

Mar. ſen. Augh! Will you pleaſe to read that again, Sir?

Luck. " Then hence my Sorrow, hence my ev'ry Fear.

Mar. ſen. " Then hence my Sorrow—Horror is a much better Word.—And then in the ſecond Line—" No " matter where, ſo we are bleſs'd together—Undoubtedly; it ſhou'd be No matter where, ſo ſomewhere we're together. Where is the Queſtion, ſomewhere is the Anſwer—Read on, Sir.

Luck. With thee, *&c.*

Mar. ſen. No, no, I cou'd alter thoſe Lines to a much better Idea.

" With thee, the barren Blocks, where not a bit
" Of human Face is painted on the Bark,
" Look green as *Covent-Garden* in the Spring.

Luck. Green as *Covent-Garden!*

Mar. jun. Yes, yes; *Covent-Garden* Market, where they ſell Greens.

Luck. Monſtrous!

Mar. ſen. Pray, Sir, read on.

Luck. " *Leandra!* oh my Harmonio, I cou'd hear thee ſtill;
" The Nightingale to thee ſings out of Tune,
" While on thy faithful Breaſt my Head reclines,
" The downy Pillow's hard; while from thy Lips
" I drink delicious Draughts of Nectar down,
" *Falernian* Wines ſeem bitter to my Taſte.

Mar. jun. Here's Meat, Drink, Singing, and Lodging, Egad.

Luck. He anſwers.

Mar. jun. But Sir——

Luck. " Oh let me pull thee, preſs thee to my Heart,
" Thou riſing Spring of everlaſting Sweets;
" Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all,
" Thou'ſt made *Leandra* mine; thou Flood of Joy
" Mix with my Soul, and ruſh thro' ev'ry Vein.

Mar. ſen. Thoſe two laſt Lines again, if you pleaſe.

Luck. " Thou'ſt made, *&c.*

Mar jun. " ——Thou Flood of Joy
" Mix with my Soul, and ruſh thro' ev'ry Vein.

Thoſe are two excellent Lines indeed: I never writ better myſelf: But, Sar——

Luck. " *Leandra*'s mine, go bid the Tongue of Fate
" Pronounce another Word of Bliſs like that;
" Search thro' the eaſtern Mines and golden Shores,
" Where laviſh Nature pours forth all her Stores;
" For to my Lot cou'd all her Treaſures fall,
" I wou'd not change *Leandra* for 'em all.

There ends Act the firſt, and ſuch an Act, as I believe never was on this Stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. ſen. Pray, Sir, let me look at one thing.
" *Falernian* Wines ſeem bitter to my Taſte.
Pray, Sir, what ſort of Wines may your *Falernian* be? for I never heard of 'em before; and I am ſure, as I keep the beſt Company, if there had been ſuch Sorts of Wines, I ſhould have taſted 'em. *Tokay* I have drank, and *Lacrimæ* I have drank, but what your *Falernian* is, the Devil take me if I can tell.

Mar.

Mar. jun. I fancy, Father, theſe Wines grow at the Top of *Parnaſſus*.

Luck. Do they ſo, Mr. *Pert?* Why then I fancy you have never taſted them.

Mar. ſen. Suppoſe you ſhou'd ſay; The Wines of *Cape* are bitter to my Taſte.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. ſen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, Sir, and ſo you need give yourſelf no farther Trouble about it.

Luck. What particular Fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there is nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my Paſſions.

Luck. Fare you well, Sir: May another Play be coercive to your Paſſions.

SCENE II.

Marplay *ſenior*, Marplay *junior*.

Mar. ſen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the Play?

Mar. ſen. It may be a very good one, for ought I know; but I am reſolv'd, ſince the Town will not receive any of mine, they ſhall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old Diet.

Mar. jun. But ſuppoſe they won't feed on't.

Mar. ſen. Then it ſhall be cramm'd down their Throats.

Mar. jun. I wiſh, Father, you wou'd leave me that Art for a Legacy, ſince I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. ſen. 'Tis Buff, Child, 'tis Buff——True *Corinthian* Braſs: And Heav'n be prais'd tho' I have giv'n thee no Gold, I have giv'n thee enough of that, which is the better Inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'ſt have ſpent, but this is a laſting Eſtate that will ſtick by thee all thy Life.

Mar. jun.

Mar. jun. What ſhall be done with that Farce which was damn'd laſt Night?

Mar. ſen. Give it 'em again to morrow. I have told ſome Perſons of Quality that it is a good thing, and I am reſolv'd not to be in the wrong: Let us ſee which will be weary firſt, the Town of Damning or we of being Damn'd.

Mar. jun. Rat the Town, I ſay.

Mar. ſen. That's a good Boy; and ſo ſay I: But prithee, what didſt thou do with the Comedy which I gave thee t'other Day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you order'd me, return'd it to the Author, and told him it wou'd not do.

Mar. ſen. You did well. If thou writeſt thyſelf, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy Intereſt to keep back all other Authors of any Merit, and be as forward to advance thoſe of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of Writing; for my Writings, you know, have far'd but ill hitherto.

Mar. ſen. That is, becauſe thou haſt a little miſtaken the Method of Writing. The Art of Writing, Boy, is the Art of ſtealing old Plays, by changing the Name of the Play, and new ones by changing the Name of the Author.

Mar. jun. If it was not for theſe curſed Hiſſes and Catcalls——

Mar. ſen. Harmleſs Muſick, Child, very harmleſs Muſick, and what, when one is but well-ſeaſon'd to it, has no Effect at all: For my part I have been us'd to 'em.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been us'd to 'em too, for that matter.

Mar. ſen. And ſtood 'em bravely too. Idle young Actors are fond of Applauſe, but take my Word for it, a Clap is a mighty ſilly empty thing, and does no more good than a Hiſs; and therefore if any Man loves Hiſſing, he may have his three Shillings worth at me, whenever he pleaſes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in Bookweight's *House.*

Dash, Blotpage, Quibble, *writing at several Tables.*

Dash. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an Ox, tho' I have not a Bit of one within me. I have not din'd these two Days, and yet my Head is as heavy as any Alderman's or Lord's. I carry about me Symbols of all the Elements; my Head is as heavy as Water, my Pockets are light as Air, my Appetite is as hot as Fire, and my Coat is as dirty as Earth.

Blot. Lend me your *Byshe*, Mr. *Dash*, I want a Rhime for Wind.

Dash. Why there's blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and Mind: It is of the easiest Termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a Page.

Blot. None of those Words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in Ord, or And or End. I am never so exact, if the two last Letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the Verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the Seas, or as the Wind,

Dash. What wou'd you express in the next Line?

Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the Sense is out already. I would say something about Inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a Verse, and it will do very well too.

Inconstancy will never have an End.
End rhimes very well with Wind.

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a Poem.

Dash. Ay, ay, any thing will do well enough for the middle of a Poem. If you can but get twenty good Lines to place at the Beginning for a Taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that according to you, Mr. *Dash*, a Poet acts pretty much on the same Principles with an Oister-woman.

Dash.

Dash. Pox take your Simile, it has set my Chaps a watering: But come let us leave off Work for a while, and hear Mr. *Quibble*'s Song.

Quib. My Pipes are pure and clear, and my Stomach is as hollow as any Trumpet in *Europe.*

Dash. Come, the Song.

SONG.

AIR, Ye Commons and Peers.

How unhappy's the Fate
To live by one's Pate,
And be forc'd to write Hackney for Bread?
An Author's a Joke,
To all manner of Folk,
Wherever he pops up his Head, his Head,
Wherever he pops up his Head.

Tho' he mount on that Hack,
Old Pegasus' *Back,*
And of Helicon *drink till he burst,*
Yet a Curse of those Streams,
Poetical Dreams,
They never can quench one's Thirst, &c.

Ah! how shou'd he fly
On Fancy so high,
When his Limbs are in Durance and Hold?
Or how should he charm,
With Genius so warm,
When his poor naked Body's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV.

Bookweight, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage.

Book. Fy upon it, Gentlemen! what, not at your Pens? Do you consider, Mr. *Quibble*, that it is a Fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was publish'd? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate,

rate, before your Anſwer is printed your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a Controverſy up warm. I have had Authors who have writ a Pamplet in the Morning, anſwer'd it in the Afternoon, and anſwer'd that again at Night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as poſſible: But it is harder to write on this ſide the Queſtion, becauſe it is the wrong Side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary that I have known ſome Authors chooſe it as the propereſt to ſhew their Genius. But let me ſee what you have produc'd, with all Deference to what that very learned and moſt ingenious Perſon, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced. Very well, Sir; for beſides that it may ſell more of the Letter, all controverſial Writers ſhould begin with complimenting their Adverſaries, as Prize-fighters kiſs before they engage. Let it be finiſh'd with all ſpeed. Well, Mr. *Daſh*, have you done that Murder yet?

Daſh. Yes, Sir, the Murder is done; I am only about a few moral Reflexions to place before it.

Book. Very well: Then let me have the Ghoſt finiſhed by this Day Se'nnight.

Daſh. What ſort of a Ghoſt wou'd you have this? Sir, the laſt was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. *Quibble*, you may lay by that Life which you are about; for I hear the Perſon is recovered: And write me out Propoſals for delivering five Sheets of Mr. *Bailey*'s *Engliſh* Dictionary every Week, till the whole be finiſhed. If you do not know the Form, you may copy the Propoſals for printing *Bayle*'s Dictionary in the ſame manner. The ſame Words will do for both.

Enter Index.

So, Mr. *Index*, what News with you?

Index. I have brought my Bill, Sir.

Book. What's here? for fitting the Motto of *Riſum teneatis Amici* to a dozen Pamphlets at Sixpence per each,

Six

Six Shillings——For *Omnia vincit Amor*, *& nos cedamus Amori*, Sixpence.——For *Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere*, Sixpence——Hum! hum, hum! Sum total, for Thirty-ſix *Latin* Motto's, Eighteen Shillings; ditto *Engliſh*, One Shilling and Nine-pence; ditto *Greek*, Four, Four Shillings. Theſe *Greek* Motto's are exceſſively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the Univerſities, I will give you mine for nothing

Book. You ſhall have your Money immediately, and pray remember that I muſt have two *Latin* Seditious Motto's, and one *Greek* Moral Motto for Pamphlets by to morrow Morning.

Quib. I want two Latin Sentences, Sir, one for Page the Fourth, in the Praiſe of Loyalty, and another for Page the Tenth, in Praiſe of Liberty and Property.

Daſh. The Ghoſt wou'd become a Motto very well, if you wou'd beſtow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I ſhall provide them. Be pleas'd to look on that, Sir, and print me Five hundred Propoſals, and as many Receipts.

Book. Propoſals for printing by Subſcription a new Tranſlation of *Cicero of the Nature of the Gods and his Tuſculan Queſtions*, by *Jeremy Index*, Eſq; I am ſorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a Deſign of mine.

Ind. Indeed, Sir, it does not, for you ſee all of the Book that I ever intend to publiſh. It is only a handſom Way of asking one's Friends for a Guinea.

Book. Then you have not tranſlated a Word of it perhaps.

Ind. Not a ſingle Syllable.

Book. Well, you ſhall have your Propoſals forthwith; but I deſire you wou'd be a little more reaſonable in your Bills for the future, or I ſhall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain Fellow of a College, who offers to furniſh me with Second-hand Motto's out of the *Spectator* for Two-pence each.

Ind.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my Goods, and I hope you will be pleas'd to allow some difference between a neat fresh Piece piping hot out of the Classicks, and old thread-bare worn-out Stuff, that has past thro' ev'ry Pedant's Mouth, and been as common at the Universities as their Whores.

SCENE V.

Bookweight, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage, Scarecrow.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a Libel against the Ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take any thing against them; for I have two in the Press already. [*Aside.*

Scare. Then, Sir, I have an Apology in Defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a Translation of *Virgil*'s *Æneid*, with Notes on it, if we can agree about the Price.

Book. Why, what Price wou'd you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the Value?

Book. No, no, Sir, I never deal that way: A Poem is a Poem, and a Pamphlet a Pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsom large Volume with a full promising Title-Page at the head of it, printed on a good Paper and Letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling —— You have the common Error of Authors, who think People buy Books to read—No, no, Books are only bought to furnish Libraries, as Pictures and Glasses, and Beds and Chairs are for other Rooms. Look-ye, Sir, I don't like your Title-Page; however to oblige a young Beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own Expence.

Scare. But pray, Sir, at whose Expence shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why at mine, Sir, at mine. I am as great a Friend to Learning as the *Dutch* are to Trade: No one can want Bread with me who will earn it; there-

fore,

fore, Sir, if you pleaſe to take your Seat at my Table, here will be every thing neceſſary provided for you: Good Milk-porridge, very often twice a Day, which is good wholſom Food, and proper for Students: A Tranſlator too is what I want at preſent; my laſt being in *Newgate* for Shop-lifting. The Rogue had a trick of tranſlating out of the Shops as well as the Languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a Tranſlator, for I underſtand no Language but my own.

Book. What, and tranſlate *Virgil?*

Scare. Alas! I tranſlated him out of *Dryden.*

Book. Lay by your Hat, Sir, lay by your Hat, and take your Seat immediately. Not qualified! Thou art as well vers'd in thy Trade as if thou hadſt labour'd in my Garret theſe ten Years: Let me tell you, Friend, you will have more Occaſion for Invention than Learning here. You will be oblig'd to tranſlate Books out of all Languages, eſpecially *French*, that were never printed in any Language whatſoever.

Scare. Your Trade abounds in Myſteries.

Book. The Study of Bookſelling is as difficult as the Law; and there are as many Tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a Foreign Name to our own Labours, and ſometimes we put our Names to the Labours of others. Then as the Lawyers have *John-a-Nokes* and *Tom-a-Stiles*, ſo we have Meſſieurs *Moore* near St. *Paul*'s, and *Smith* near the *Royal-Exchange.*

SCENE VI.

To them Luckleſs.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your Servant. Who can form to himſelf an Idea more amiable than of a Man at the Head of ſo many Patriots working for the Benefit of their Country?

Book. Truly, Sir, I believe it is an Idea more agreeable to you, than that of a Gentleman in the *Crown-Office.*

Office paying thirty or forty Guineas for abuſing an honeſt Tradeſman.

Luck. Pſhaw! that was only jocoſely done, and a Man who lives by Wit, muſt not be angry at a Jeſt.

Book. Look ye, Sir. If you have a mind to compromiſe the Matter, and have brought me any Money——

Luck. Haſt thou been in thy Trade ſo long, and talk of Money to a modern Author? You might as well have talk'd *Latin* or *Greek* to him. I have brought you Paper, Sir.

Book. That is not bringing me Money, I own. Have you brought me an Opera?

Luck. You may call it an Opera, if you will, but I call it a Puppet-ſhow.

Book. A Puppet-ſhow?

Luck. Ay, a Puppet-ſhow, and is to be play'd this Night in *Drury-Lane* Playhouſe.

Book. A Puppet-ſhow in a Playhouſe.

Luck. Ah, why, what have been all the Playhouſes a long while but Puppet-ſhows?

Book. Why, I dont know but it may ſucceed; at leaſt if we can make out a tolerable good Title-Page: So, if you will walk in, if I can make a Bargain with you I will: Gentlemen, you may go to Dinner.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jack-Pudding, *Drummer*, *Mob.*

Jack-P. This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Ladies and others, That at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, this Evening will be perform'd the whole Puppet-ſhow call'd *The Pleaſures of the Town*; in which will be ſhewn the whole Court of Nonſenſe, with abundance of Singing, Dancing, and ſeveral other Entertainments: ----- Alſo the Comical and diverting Humours of Some-body, and No-body: *Punch* and his Wife *Joan*, to be perform'd by Figures; ſome of them Six foot high. God ſave the King. [*Drum beats.*

SCENE IX.

Witmore *with a Paper, meeting* Luckleſs.

Wit. Oh! *Luckleſs*, I am overjoy'd to meet you: Here, take this Paper, and you will be diſcouraged from Writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?——Oh! one of my Play-Bills.

Wit. One of thy Play-Bills!

Luck. Even ſo——I have taken the Advice you gave me this Morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had ſome time ſince given this Performance of mine to be Rehearſed, and the Actors were all perfect in their Parts; but we happen'd to differ about ſome Particulars, and I had a deſign to have given it over; 'till having my Play refus'd by *Marplay*, I ſent for the Managers of the other Houſe in a Paſſion, join'd Iſſue with them, and this very Evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wiſh you Succeſs.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Any where but to hear you damn'd, which I muſt, was I to go to your Puppet-Show.

Luck. Indulge me in this Trial; and I aſſure thee, if it be ſucceſsleſs, it ſhall be the laſt.

Wit. On that Condition I will: But ſhou'd the Torrent run againſt you, I ſhall be a faſhionable Friend, and hiſs with the reſt.

Luck. No, a Man who cou'd do ſo unfaſhionable and ſo generous a thing, as Mr. *Witmore* did this Morning—

Wit. Then I hope you will return it by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the Pit.

Luck. And I behind the Scenes.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Luckleſs, Harriot.

Luck. Dear *Harriot!*

Har. I was going to the Playhouſe to look after you. I am frightned out of my Wits; I have left my Mother at home with the ſtrangeſt ſort of Man, who is inquiring after you: He has rais'd a Mob before the Door by the oddity of his Appearance; his Dreſs is like nothing I ever ſaw, and he talks of Kings, and *Bantam*, and the ſtrangeſt Stuff.

Luck. What the Devil can he be?

Har. One of your old Acquaintance, I ſuppoſe, in Diſguiſe: One of his Majeſty's Officers with his Commiſſion in his Pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your Part perfect?

Har. I had, unleſs this Fellow hath frighten'd it out of my Head again: But I am afraid I ſhall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why ſo?

Har. I ſhall never have Aſſurance enough to go thro' with it, eſpecially if they ſhou'd hiſs me.

Luck. O! your Mask will keep you in Countenance, and as for hiſſing, you need not fear it. The Audience are generally ſo favourable to young Beginners: But hiſt, here is your Mother, and ſhe has ſeen us. Adieu, my Dear, make what Haſte you can to the Playhouſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Harriot, Moneywood.

Har. I wiſh I cou'd avoid her, for I ſuppoſe we ſhall have an Alarum.

Mon. So, ſo, very fine: Always together, always catter-wauling. How like a Hangdog he ſtole off; and it's well for him he did, for I ſhou'd have rung ſuch a Peal in his Ears——There's a Friend of his at my

Houſe wou'd be very glad of his Company, and I wiſh it was in my Power to bring 'em together.

Har. You wou'd not ſurely be ſo barbarous.

Mon. Barbarous, ugh! You whining puling Fool! Huſſy, you have not a Drop of my Blood in you. What, you are in love I ſuppoſe?

Har. If I was, Madam, it wou'd be no Crime.

Mon. Yes, Madam, but it wou'd, and a Folly too. No Woman of Senſe was ever in Love with any thing but a Man's Pocket. What, I ſuppoſe he has fill'd your Head with a pack of romantick Stuff of Streams and Dreams, and Charms and Arms. I know this is the Stuff they all run on with, and ſo run into our Debts, and run away with our Daughters.——Come, confeſs, are not you two to live in a Wilderneſs together on Love? Ah! thou Fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in Love, juſt as he has paid me in Money. If thou wert reſolv'd to go a begging, why did you not follow the Camp? There indeed, you might have carried a Knapſack; but here you will have no Knapſack to carry. There indeed you might have had the chance of burying half a Score Husbands in a Campaign; whereas a Poet is a long-lived Animal: you have but one chance of burying him, and that is ſtarving him.

Har. Well, Madam, and I wou'd ſooner ſtarve with the Man I love, than ride in a Coach and Six with him I hate: And as for his Paſſion, you will not make me ſuſpect that, for he hath given me ſuch Proofs on't.

Mon. Proofs! I ſhall die. Has he given you Proofs of Love!

Har. All that any modeſt Woman can require.

Mon. If he has given you all a modeſt Woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modeſt Woman ſhou'd take: Becauſe he has been ſo good a Lodger, I ſuppoſe I ſhall have ſome more of the Family to keep. It is probable I ſhall live to ſee half a dozen Grandſons of mine in *Grub-ſtreet*.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Moneywood, Harriot, Jack.

Jack. Oh Madam! the Man whom you took for a Bailiff is certainly ſome great Man; he has a vaſt many Jewels and other fine things about him; he offer'd me twenty Guineas to ſhew him my Maſter, and has given away ſo much Money among the Chairmen, that ſome Folks believe he intends to ſtand Member of Parliament for *Weſtminſter*.

Mon. Nay, then I am ſure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, Sirrah, make as much haſte as you can before me, and deſire him to part with no more Money till I come.

Har. So, now my Mother is in purſuit of Money, I may ſecurely go in purſuit of my Lover, and I am miſtaken, good Mamma, if e'en you wou'd not think that the better Purſuit of the two.

In generous Love tranſporting Raptures lie,
Which Age, with all its Treaſures, cannot buy.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Playhouſe.

Enter Luckleſs *as* Maſter *of the Show, and* Manager.

Luck. IT'S very ſurpriſing, that after I have been at all this Expence and Trouble in ſetting my Things up in your Houſe, you ſhould deſire me to Recant; and now too, when the Spectators are all aſſembled, and will either have the Show or their Money.

Man. Nay, Sir, I am very ready to perform my Covenant with you; but I am told that ſome of the Players do not like their Parts, and threaten to leave the Houſe: Some to the *Hay-Market*, ſome to *Goodman's-Fields*, and others to ſet up two or three more new Playhouſes in ſeveral Parts of the Town.

Luck. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engag'd in the Performance, but who is now very well ſatisfied.

Man. Well, Sir, then ſo am I: But pray what is the Deſign or Plot? for I cou'd make neither head nor tail on't.

Luck. Why, Sir, the chief Buſineſs is the Election of an Arch-poet, or as others call him a Poet Laureat, to the Goddeſs of Nonſenſe. I have introduc'd indeed ſeveral other Characters, not intirely neceſſary to the main Deſign; for I was aſſur'd by a very eminent Critick, that in the way of Writing great Latitude might be allow'd, and that a Writer of Puppet-ſhows might take as much more Liberty than a Writer of Operas, as an Opera-Writer might be allow'd beyond a Writer of Plays. As

As for the Scene it lies on the other Side the River *Styx*, and all the People in my Play are dead.

Man. I wish they may not be damn'd too with all my Heart.

Luck. Sir, I depend much on the Good-nature of the Audience, but they are impatient, I hear them knock with their Canes. Let us begin immediately: I think we will have an Overture play'd on this Occasion. Mr. *Seedo*, have you not provided a new Overture on this Occasion?

Seedo. I have compos'd one

Luck. Then pray let us have it. Come, Sir, be pleas'd to sit down by me.

Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is *Punchinello.*

[*The Curtain draws, and discovers* Punch *in a great Chair.*

Punch *sings.*

AIR I. Whilst the Town's brimfull of Folly.

Whilst the Town's brimful of Farces,
Flocking whilst we see her Asses
Thick as Grapes upon a Bunch,
Criticks, whilst you smile on Madness,
And more stupid, solemn Sadness;
Sure you will not frown on Punch.

Luck. The next is *Punch*'s Wife *Joan.*

Enter Joan.

Joan. What can ail my Husband? he is continually humming Tunes, tho' his Voice be only fit to warble at *Hog's Norton*, where the Pigs would accompany it with Organs. I was in hopes Death would have stopp'd his Mouth at last. But he keeps his old harmonious Humour even in the Shades.

Punch. Be not angry, dear *Joan*; *Orpheus* obtain'd his Wife from the Shades, by charming *Pluto* with his Musick.

Joan. Sirrah, Sirrah, should *Pluto* hear you Sing, you cou'd expect no less Punishment than *Tantalus* has: —— Nay, the Waters would be brought above your Mouth, to stop it.

Punch. Truly, Madam, I don't wish the same Success *Orpheus* met with; could I gain my own Liberty, the Devil might have you with all my Heart.

AIR II.

Joan, Joan, Joan, *has a Thund'ring Tongue.*
And Joan, Joan, Joan, *is a bold one.*
How happy is he,
Who from Wedlock is free:
For who'd have a Wife to scold one?

Joan. Punch, Punch, Punch, *pr'ythee think of your Hunch,*
Pr'ythee look on your great strutting Belly:
Sirrah, if you dare
War with me declare,
I will beat your fat Guts to a Jelly.

[They Dance.

AIR III. Bobbing *Joan.*

Pun. Joan, *you are the Plague of my Life,*
A Rope wou'd be welcomer than such a Wife.
Joan. Punch, *your Merits had you but shar'd*
Your Neck had been longer by half a Yard:
Pun. *Ugly Witch,*
Joan. *Son of a Bitch,*
Both. *Wou'd you were hang'd, or drown'd in a Ditch.*

[Dance again.

Pun. *Since we hate like People in Vogue,*
Let us call not Bitch and Rogue:
Gentler Titles let us use,
Hate each other, but not abuse.

Joan.

Joan. *Pretty Dear!*
Pun. *Ah! Ma Chere!*
Both. *Joy of my Life, and only Care.*

[Dance, and *Exeunt.*

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is *Charon* and a Poet; they are disputing about an Affair pretty common with Poets ——Going off without Paying.

Enter Charon, *and a* Poet.

Char. Never tell me, Sir, I expect my Fare. I wonder what Trade these Authors drive in the other World: I would with as good a Will see a Soldier aboard my Boat. A tatter'd Red-coat, and a tatter'd Black one have bilk'd me so often, that I am resolv'd never to take either of them up again—unless I am paid before-hand.

Poet. What a wretched thing it is to be Poor? My Body lay a Fortnight in the other World before it was Buried. And this Fellow has kept my Spirit a Month, sunning himself on the other side the River, because my Pockets were empty. Wilt thou be so kind as to shew me the Way to the Court of *Nonsense?*

Char. Ha, ha! the Court of *Nonsense!* why, pray, Sir, what have you to do there? these Rags look more like the Dress of one of *Apollo*'s People, than of *Nonsense*'s.

Poet. Why, Fellow, didst thou never carry Rags to *Nonsense?*

Char. Truly, Sir, I cannot say but I have, but it is a long time ago, I assure you. But if you are really bound thither, and are a Poet, as I presume from your outward Appearance, you shou'd have brought a Certificate from the Goddess's Agent, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the Gentleman that writes Odes—So finely! However, that I may not hear any more of your Verses on the River Side,

I'll

I'll e'en carry you over on her Account: She pays for all her insolvent Votaries. Look at that Account, Sir. She is the best Deity to me in the Shades.

Poet. *Spirits imported for the Goddess of* Nonsense.
Five People of great Quality,
Seven ordinary Courtiers,
Nineteen Attorneys,
Eleven Counsellors,
One hundred Poets, Players, Doctors, and Apothecaries, Fellows of Colleges, and Members of the Royal Society.

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is one of *Charon*'s Men with a Prisoner.

Enter Sailor, *and a* Sexton.

Cha. How now?

Sail. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. *Robgrave* the Sexton, who has plunder'd so many Spirits.

Cha. Are you come at last, Sir? What have you to say for yourself? Ha! Where are all the Jewels and other valuable things you have stolen? Where are they, Sirrah? Ha!

Sex. Alack, Sir, I am but a poor Rogue; the Parish-Officers and others have had them all; I had only a small Reward for stealing them.

Char. Then you shall have another Reward here, Sir. Carry him before Justice *Minos*; the Moment he gets on the other side the Water, let him be shackled and put aboard.

[*Exeunt* Sailor *and* Sexton.

Poet. Who knows whether this Rogue has not robb'd me too. I forgot to look in upon my Body before I came away.

Char. Had you any things of Value buried with you?

Poet.

Poet. Things of Ineſtimable Value; ſix Folio's of my own Works.

Luck. Moſt Poets of this Age will have their Works buried with them.

[*The next is the Ghoſt of a* Director.]

Enter Director.

Dir. Mr. *Charon*, I want a Boat to croſs the River.

Cha. You ſhall have a Place, Sir; I believe I have juſt room for you, unleſs you are a Lawyer, and I have ſtrict Orders to carry no more over yet: Hell is too full of them already.

Dir. Sir, I am a Director.

Cha. A Director! what's that?

Dir. A Director of a Company, Sir. I am ſurpris'd you ſhould not know what that is: I thought our Names had been famous enough on this Road.

Cha. Oh Sir, I ask your Honour's Pardon; will you be pleas'd to go aboard.

Dir. I muſt have a whole Boat by myſelf; for I have two Waggon-loads of Treaſure that will be here immediately.

Cha. It is as much as my Place is worth to take any thing of that Nature aboard.

Dir. Pſhaw, pſhaw, you ſhall go ſnacks with me, and I warrant we cheat the Devil. I have been already too hard for him in the other World——Do you underſtand what Security on Bottomry is? I'll make your Fortune.

Cha. Here, take the Gentleman, let him be well fetter'd, and carried aboard, away with him.

Sail. Sir, here are a Waggon-load of Ghoſts arriv'd from *England* that were knock'd on the Head at a late Election.

Cha. Fit out another Boat immediately: But be ſure to ſearch their Pockets, that they carry nothing over with them. I found a Bank-bill of fifty Pound t'other Day

Day in the Pocket of a Cobler's Ghost, who came hither on the same Account.

2 *Sail.* Sir, a great Number of Passengers arriv'd from *London*, all bound to the Court of *Nonsense*.

Char. Some Plague, I suppose, or a fresh Cargo of Physicians come to Town from the Universities

Luck. Now, Gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of Figures as I defy all *Europe*, except our own Playhouses, to equal.—Come, put away; pray mind these Figures.

Enter Don Tragedio, *Sir* Farcical Comick, *Dr.* Orator, Signior Opera, Monsieur Pantomime, and *Mrs.* Novel.

Poet. Ha! *Don Tragedio*, your most obedient Servant. Sir *Farcical!* Dr. *Orator!* I am heartily glad to see you, Dear *Signior Opera! Monsieur Pantomime!* Ha! *Mynheer Van-treble!* Mrs. *Novel* in the Shades too! what lucky Distemper cou'd have sent so much good Company hither?

Trag. A Tragedy occasion'd me to die;
That perishing the first Day, so did I.

Farc. A Pastoral sent me out of the World. My Life went out in a Hiss; Stap my Vitals.

Ora. A Muggletonian Dog stabb'd me.

AIR IV. *Silvia*, my Dearest.

Oper. *Claps universal,*
Applauses resounding;
Hisses confounding
Attending my Song:
My Senses drowned,
And I fell down dead;
Whilst I was Singing, Ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well, Monsieur *Pantomime*, how came you by your Fate?

Pantom.

Pantom. [*Makes Signs to his Neck.*]

Poet. Broke his Neck: Alas poor Gentleman!——And you, Mynheer *Van-treble*, what sent you hither?

Poet. And you Madam *Novel?*

AIR V. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

Nov. *Oh! Pity all a Maiden,*
Condemn'd hard Fates to prove;
I rather would have laid-in,
Than thus have died for Love!
'Twas hard t'encounter Death-a,
Before the Bridal Bed;
Ah! would I had kept my Breath-a,
And lost my Maiden-head.

Poet. Poor Lady!

Cha. Come, my Masters, it is a rare fresh Gale; if you please I'll shew you aboard.

Luck. Observe, Gentlemen, how these Figures walk off. The next, Gentlemen, is a Blackamore Lady, who comes to present you with a Saraband and Castanets.

[*A Dance.*

Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I shall produce a Bookseller who is the prime Minister of *Nonsense*, and the Poet.

Enter Bookseller, *and* Poet.

Poet. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange!

Book. And yet 'tis true. Did you observe her Eyes?

Poet. Her Ears rather, for there she took the Infection. She saw the *Signior*'s Visage in his Voice.

Book. Did you not mark, how she melted when he Sung?

Poet. I saw her like another *Dido.* I saw her Heart rise up to her Eyes, and drop down again to her Ears.

Book.

Book. That a Woman of so much Sense as the Goddess of *Nonsense*, should be taken thus at first Sight! I have serv'd her faithfully these thirty Years as a Bookseller in the upper World, and never knew her guilty of one Folly before.

Poet. Nay certainly, Mr. *Curry*, you know as much of her, as any Man.

Book. I think I ought, I am sure I have made as large Oblations to her, as all *Warwick-Lane* and *Pater-Noster-Row*.

Poet. But is she, this Night, to be married to *Signior Opera?*

Book. This is to be the Bridal Night. Well, this will be the strangest Thing that has hapned in the Shades, since the Rape of *Proserpine*.—But now I think on't, what News bring you from the other World?

Poet. Why, Affairs go much in the same Road there as when you were alive, Authors starve, and Booksellers grow fat, *Grub-street* harbours as many Pirates as ever *Algiers* did. They have more Theatres than are at *Paris*, and just as much Wit as there is at *Amsterdam*; they have ransack'd all *Italy* for Singers, and all *France* for Dancers.

Book. And all Hell for Conjurers.

Poet. My Lord-Mayor has shorten'd the Time of *Bartholomew*-Fair in *Smithfield*, and so they are resolved to keep it all the Year round at the other End of the Town.

Book. I find Matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted; if you please, Sir, I will shew you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Punch.

Punch. You, Fidler.

Luck. Well, *Punch*, what's the Matter now?

Punch. What do you think my Wife *Joan* is about?

Luck.

Luck. Faith, I can't tell.

Punch. Odsbobs; ſhe is got with three Women of Quality at Quadrille.

Luck. Quadrille! ha, ha!

Punch. I have taken a Reſolution to run away from her, and ſet up a Trade.

Luck. A Trade? why, you have no Stock:

Punch. Oh, but I intend to break, cheat my Creditors, and ſo get one.

Luck. That Bite is too ſtale, Maſter *Punch.*

Punch. Is it? Then I'll e'en turn Lawyer. There is no Stock requir'd there, but a Stock of Impudence.

Luck. Yes, there is a Stock of Law, without which you will ſtarve at the Bar.

Punch. Ay, but I'll get upon the Bench, then I ſhall ſoon have Law enough; for then I can make any thing I ſay to be Law.

Luck. Huſh, you ſcurrilous Raſcal.

Punch. Odsbobs, I have hit it now.

Luck. What now?

Punch. I have it at laſt; the rareſt Trade. *Punch*, thou art made for ever.

Luck. What Conceit has the Fool got in his Head now?

Punch. I'll e'en turn Parliament-Man.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Sirrah, thou haſt neither Intereſt nor Qualification.

Punch. How! not Intereſt? Yes, Sir, *Punch* is very well known to have a very conſiderable Intereſt in all the Corporations in *England*; and for Qualification, if I have no Eſtate of my own, I can borrow one.

Luck. This will never do, Maſter *Punch*—You muſt think of ſomething you have a better Qualification for.

Punch. Ay, why then I'll turn great Man, that requires no Qualification whatſoever.

Luck. Get you gone, you impudent Rogue.

Gentlemen, the next Figures are *Some-body* and *No-body*, come to preſent you with a Song and a Dance.

Enter

Enter Some-body, *and* No-body.

AIR VII. Black Joke.

Some. *Of all the Men in* London *Town,*
Or Knaves, or Fools, in Coat, or Gown,
The Repreſentative am I:
No. *Go thro' the World, and you will find,*
In all the Claſſes of Human-kind,
Many a jolly No-body.

For him, a No-body, *ſure we may call,*
Who during his Life does nothing at all,
But Eat, and Snore,
And Drink, and Rore,
From Whore to the Tavern, from Tavern to Whore,
With a lac'd Coat, and that is all.

Luck. Gentlemen, this is the End of the firſt Interlude.

Luck. Now, Gentlemen, I ſhall preſent you with the moſt glorious Scene that has ever appear'd on the Stage: It is *The Court of Nonſenſe.* Play away, ſoft Muſick, and draw up the Curtain.

The Curtain drawn up to ſoft Muſick, diſcovers the Goddeſs of Nonſenſe *on a Throne; the Orator in a Tub;* Tragedio, *&c. attending.*

Nonſ. Let all my Votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful Day.

Luck.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe what a Lover of *Recitativo*, *Nonsense* is.

Nons. Monsieur *Pantomime!* you are welcome.

Pant. [*Cuts a Caper.*]

Nons. Alas, poor Gentleman! he is modest: you may speak; no Words offend, that have no Wit in them.

Mast. Why, Madam *Nonsense*, don't you know that Monsieur *Pantomime* is dumb? and yet let me tell you, he has been of great Service to you; he is the only One of your Votaries that sets People asleep without Talking. But here's *Don Tragedio* will make Noise enough.

Trag. Yes, *Tragedio* is indeed my Name,
Long since recorded in the Rolls of Fame,
At *Lincoln's-Inn*, and eke at *Drury-Lane*.
Let everlasting Thunder sound my Praise,
And forked Light'ning in my Scutcheon blaze;
To *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Dryden*, *Lee*, or *Rowe*.
I not a Line, no, not a Thought, do owe.
Me, for my Novelty, let all adore,
For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

Nons. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

Trag. That Welcome, yes, that Welcome is my Due,
Two Tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you;
And, had not Hisses, Hisses me dismay'd,
By this, I'd writ Two-score, Two-score, by Jay'd.

Luck. By Jay'd! ay, that's another Excellence of the Don's; he does not only glean up all the Bad Words of other Authors, but makes new Bad Words of his own.

Farc. Nay, i'gad, I have made new Words, and spoil'd old ones too, if you talk of that; I have made Foreigners break *English*, and *Englishmen* break *Latin*. I have as great a Confusion of Languages in my Play, as was at the Building of *Babel*.

Luck. And so much the more extraordinary, because the Author understands no Language at all.

Farc. No Language at all!——Stap my Vitals.

Nons. Dr. *Orator*, I have heard of you,

Orat. Ay, and you might have heard me too, I bawl'd loud enough, I'm sure.

Must. She might have heard you: But if she had understood your Advertisements, I will believe *Nonsense* to have more Understanding than *Apollo.*

Orat. Have understood me, Sir! what has Understanding to do? My Hearers would be diverted, and they are so; which could not be if Understanding were necessary; because very few of them have any.

Nons. You've all deserv'd my hearty Thanks——but here my Treasure I bestow. [*To* Opera.

Oper. Your Highness knows what Reward I prize.

AIR VIII. Lillibolera.

Op. *Let the foolish Philosopher strive in his Cell,*
By Wisdom, or Virtue, to merit true Praise;
The Soldier in Hardship and Danger still dwell,
That Glory and Honour may crown his last Days;
The Patriot sweat,
To be thought Great;
Or Beauty all Day at the Looking-glass toil;
That popular Voices
May ring their Applauses,
While a Breath is the only Reward of their Coil.

But would you a wise Man to Action incite,
Be Riches propos'd the Reward of his Pain:
In Riches is center'd all Human Delight;
No Joy is on Earth, but what Gold can obtain.
If Women, Wine,
Or Grandeur fine,
Be most your Delight, all these Riches can;
Would you have Men to flatter?
To be Rich is the Matter;
When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

Nons. [Repeating in an Ecstacy.]

When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

Bra-

Braviſſimo! I long to be your Wife.

Luck. Gentlemen, obſerve and take notice how the Goddeſs of *Nonſenſe* is ſmitten by Muſick, and falls in love with the Ghoſt of *Signior Opera.*

Novel. If all my Romances ever pleas'd the Ear of my Goddeſs—if I ever found Favour in her Sight—oh, do not rob me thus!

Nonſ. What means my Daughter?

Novel. Alas, he is my Husband!

Curry. But tho' he were your Husband in the other World, Death ſolves that Tye, and he is at Liberty now to take another; and I never knew any one Inſtance of a Husband here, who would take the ſame Wife again.

AIR IX. Whilſt I gaz'd on *Cloe* trembling.

Novel. *May all Maids from me take Warning,*
How a Lover's Arms they fly:
Leſt the firſt kind Offer ſcorning,
They, without a Second, die.

How unhappy is my Paſſion!
How tormenting is my Pain!
If you thwart my Inclination,
Let me die for Love again.

Curry. Again! What, did you die for Love of your Husband?

Novel. He knows he ought to have been ſo.——He ſwore he wou'd be ſo.——Yes, he knows I dy'd for Love, for I dy'd in Childbed.

Orat. Why, Madam, did you not tell me all the Road hither, that you was a Virgin?

AIR X. Highland Laddy.

Oper. *I was told, in my Life,*
Death, for ever,
Did diſſever,

Men from ev'ry mortal Strife,
And that greatest Plague, a Wife.

For had the Priests possest Men,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us,
Their Devil would be a Jest then,
And our Devil a Wife.

Nonsense. Avaunt, polluted Wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take Pollution to my Arms,
No, no,——no, no,——no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a Goddess, I'll e'en prove a Man of Honour.—— I was always in Love with thee, my Angel; but Ambition is a dreadful Thing. However my Ghost shall pay the Debts of my Body.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost Dear!

Novel. My new-found Bud!

AIR XI. Dusty Miller.

Oper. *Will my charming Creature*
Once again receive me?
Tho' I prov'd a Traitor,
Will she still believe me?
I will well repay thee,
For past Faults of Roving,
Nor shall any Day be
Without Proofs of Loving.

On that tender lily Breast
Whilst I lie panting,
Both together blest,
Both with Transports fainting.

Both. *Sure no Human Hearts*
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our Souls united.

AIR

AIR XII. Over the Hills and far away.

Op. *Were I laid on* Scotland's *Coaſt,*
And in my Arms embrac'd my Dear,
Let Scrubbado do its moſt,
I wou'd know no Grief or Fear.

Nov. *Were we caſt on* Ireland's *Soil,*
There confin'd in Bogs to dwell,
For thee Potatoes I wou'd boil,
No Iriſh *Spouſe ſhou'd feaſt ſo well.*

Op. *And tho' we ſcrubb'd it all the Day,*
Nov. *We'd kiſs and hug the Night away;*
Op. Scotch *and* Iriſh *both ſhou'd ſay,*
Both. *Oh, how bleſt! how bleſt are they!*

Orat. Since my Goddeſs is diſengaged from one Lover, may the humbleſt, yet not the leaſt diligent of her Servants, hope ſhe wou'd ſmile on him?

Luck. Maſter *Orator*, you had beſt try to charm the Goddeſs with an Oration.

Orat. The Hiſtory of a Fiddle and a Fiddleſtick is going to be held forth; being particularly deſir'd in a Letter from a certain Queriſt on that Point.

A Fiddle is a Stateſman: why? Becauſe it's hollow. A Fiddleſtick is a Drunkard: why? Becauſe it loves Ros'ning.

Luck. Gentlemen obſerve how he balances his Hands; his Left Hand is the Fiddle, and his Right Hand is the Fiddleſtick.

Orat. A Fiddle is like a Beau's Noſe, becauſe the Bridge is often down; a Fiddleſtick is like a Mountebank, becauſe it plays upon a Crowd.—A Fiddle is like a Stockjobber's Tongue, becauſe it ſounds different Notes; and a Fiddleſtick is like a Stockjobber's Wig, becauſe it has a great deal of Horſehair in it.

Luck. And your Oration is like yourſelf; becauſe it has a great deal of Nonſenſe in it.

Nonſ. In vain you try to charm my Ears, unleſs by Muſick.

Orat. Have at you then.

Maſt. Gentlemen, obſerve how the Doctor ſings in his Tub. Here are no Wires; all alive, alive, ho!

Orat. Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Moll Pately.*

AIR XIII. *Moll Pately.*

All Men are Birds by Nature, Sir,
Tho' they have not Wings to fly;
On Earth a Soldier's a Creature, Sir,
Much reſembling a Kite in the Sky;
The Phyſician is a Fowl, Sir,
Whom moſt Men call an Owl, Sir,
Who by his Hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that Death is nigh.

The Uſurer is a Swallow, Sir,
That can ſwallow Gold by the Jorum;
A Woodcock is Squire Shallow, *Sir;*
And a Gooſe is oft of the Quorum:
The Gameſter is a Rook, Sir;
The Lawyer, with his Coke, *Sir,*
Is but a Raven,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
After the ready Rhinorum.

Young Virgins are ſcarce as Rails, Sir;
Plenty as Batts the Night-walkers go;
Soft Italians *are Nightingales, Sir,*
And a Cock-Sparrow mimicks a Beau:

Like

Like Birds Men are to be Caught, Sir;
Like Birds Men are to be Bought, Sir:
Men of a Side,
Like Birds of a Feather,
Will flock together,
Will flock together,
Both Sexes like Birds will——too.

Nonſ. 'Tis all in vain.

Trag. Is *Nonſenſe* of me then forgetful grown,
And muſt the Signior be preferr'd alone?
Is it for this, for this, ye Gods, that I
Have in one Scene made ſome Folks laugh, ſome cry:
For this does my low bluſt'ring Language creep,
At once to wake you, and to make you ſleep?

Far. And ſo all my Puns, and Quibbles, and Conundrums are quite forgotten, ſtap my Vitals!

Or. More Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Rogues, Rogues, Rogues.*

AIR XIV. There was a jovial Beggar.

The Stone that all things turns at will
To Gold, the Chymiſt craves;
But Gold, without the Chymiſt's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves.
For a Cheating they will go, &c.
The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
When on his Goods he lays
Too high a Price——but faith he's bit,
For a Courtier never pays.
For a Cheating they will go, &c.
The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
Hangs him who ſteals your Pelf;
Becauſe the good Man can endure
No Robber but himſelf.
For a Cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman
What Difference can there be?
Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
Both kill you for a Fee.
For a Cheating, &c.
The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
And to a Mistress goes,
While she at home, to ease her Life,
Carouses with the Beaus.
For a Cheating, &c.
That some Directors Cheats were,
Some have made bold to doubt;
Did not the Supercargo's Care
Prevent their finding out.
For a Cheating, &c.
The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
(So low this Art we find,)
The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
My Lord tricks all Mankind.
For a Cheating, &c.
One Sect there are to whose fair Lot
No cheating Arts do fall,
And those are Parsons call'd, God wot;
And so I cheat you all.
For a Cheating, &c.

Enter Charon.

Char. An't please your Majesty; there is an odd sort of a Man on t'other side the Water says he's recommended to you by some People of Quality.——Egad I don't care to take him aboard, not I.——He says his Name is *Hurloborumbo* —— *rumbo*—— *Hurloborumbolo*, I think he calls himself, he looks like one of *Apollo*'s People in my Opinion, he seems to be mad enough to be a real Poet.

Nonsf. Take him aboard.

Char. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship, I hear rare News, they say you are to be declared Goddess of Wit.

Curry.

Curry. That's no News, Mr. *Charon.*
Char. Well, I'll take *Hurloborumbo* aboard.
[*Exit* Charon.
Orat. I must win the Goddess before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever.—A Rap at the Times.

AIR XV. When I was a Dame of Honour.

Come all who've heard my Cushion beat,
Confess me as full of Dulness
As any Egg is full of Meat,
Or full Moon is of Fulness:
Let the Justice and his Clerk both own,
Than theirs my Dulness greater;
And tell how I've harangu'd the Town,
When I was a bold Orator.

The Lawyer wrangling at the Bar,
While the Reverend Bench is dozing,
The Scribler in a Pamphlet War,
Or Grubstreet *Bard composing:*
The trudging Quack in Scarlet Cloke,
Or Coffee-house Politick Prater;
Can none come up to what I have spoke,
When I was a bold Orator.

The well-bred Courtier telling Lies,
Or Levée *Hunter believing;*
The vain Coquette that rolls her Eyes,
More empty Fops deceiving;
The Parson of dissenting Gang,
Or flattering Dedicator,
Could none of them like me Harangue,
When I was a bold Orator.

Enter Punch.

Punch. You, you, you.
Luck. What's the matter, *Punch?*
Punch. Who is that?
Luck. That's an Orator, Master *Punch.*
Punch. An Orator———What's that?

Luck

Luck. Why an Orator is—egad I can't tell what; he is a Man that no body dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so, I'll be with him presently. Bring out my Tub there. I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant. I am a *Muggletonian.*

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my Opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole Tribe would be the Death of me; but I am resolv'd to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I have Breath you shall hear me; and I hope I have Breath enough to blow you all out of the World.

Punch. If Noise will.

Orat. Sir, I ——

Punch. Hear me, Sir.

Nonf. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

AIR XVI. Hey *Barnaby*, take it for Warning.

Punch. *No Tricks shall save your Bacon,*
Orator, Orator, *you are mistaken;*
Punch *will not be thus confuted,*
Bring forth your Reasons or you are nonsuited,
Heigh ho.
No Tricks shall save your Bacon.
Orator, Orator, *you are mistaken.*

Orat. *Instead of Reasons advancing,*
Let the Dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti, to. [*They dance.*

Nonf. 'Tis all in vain: A Virgin I will live; and oh great Signior, pr'ythee take this Chaplet, and still wear it for my sake.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how Signior *Opera* is created Arch-poet to the Goddess of *Nonsense.*

Trag. And does great *Nonsense* then at length determine
To give the Chaplet to that Singing Vermin?

Nonf. I do.

Trag.

Trag. Then *Opera* come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the Chaplet, You or I.

AIR XVII. Be kind and love.

Nov. *Oh, spare to take his precious Life away;*
So sweet a Voice must sure your Passion lay:
Oh hear his gentle Murmurs first, and then,
If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

Trag. Since but a Song you ask, a Song I'll hear;
But tell him, that last Song is his last Prayer.

AIR XVIII.

Op. *Barbarous cruel Man,*
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a Swan,
A Swan,
A Swan,
With my Face all pale and wan.
More fierce art thou than Pirates,
Than Pirates,
Whom the Sirens Musick charms,
Alarms,
Disarms;
More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
On the high - - - Roads,
On the high - - - Roads.
More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
When Polly Peachum *warms.*
The Devil
Was made civil,
By Orpheus's *tuneful Charms;*
And can - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - n,
He gentler prove than Man?

Trag. I cannot do it——— [*Sheaths his Sword.*
Methinks I feel my Flesh congeal'd to Bone,
And know not if I'm Flesh and Blood, or Stone.

Pant.

Pant. [*Runs several times round the Stage.*]

Nonf. Alas, what means Monsieur *Pantomime?*

Curry. By his pointing to his Head, I suppose he would have the Chaplet.

Nonf. Pretty Youth!

Nov. Oh, my Dear, how shall I express the Trouble of my Soul?

Op. If there be Sympathy in Love, I'm sure I felt it; for I was in a damnable Fright too.

Nov. Give me a Buss then.

AIR XIX. Under the Greenwood Tree.

In vain a Thousand Heroes and Kings
Should court me to their Arms,
In vain should give me a Thousand fine Things,
For thee I'd reserve my Charms:
On that dear Breast, intranc'd in Joy,
Oh, let me ever be.

Op. *Oh, how I will kiss thee,*
How I'll embliss thee,
When thou art a-bed with me.

Nonf. [repeats] *Oh, how I will kiss thee,* &c.

Alas! what mighty Noise?

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is a Messenger.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. *Stay, Goddess, nor with haste the Prize bequeath,*
A mighty Spright now hastens here beneath;
Long in the World your noble Cause he fought;
Your Laureat there, your Precepts still he taught.
To his great Son he leaves that Laurel now,
And hastens to receive one here below.

Nonf. *I can't revoke my Grant, but he*
Shall Manager of our Players be.

Luck.

Luck. The next is *Count Ugly* from the Opera-house in the *Hay-market.*

Enter Count Ugly.

Nonsf. Too late, O mighty Count, you came.

Count. *I ask not for myself, for I disdain*
O'er the poor ragged Tribe of Bards to reign.
Me did my Stars to happier Fates prefer,
Sur-Intendant dez plaisirs d'Angleterre;
If Masquerades you have, let those be mine,
But on the Signior let the Laurel shine.

Trag. What is thy Plea? Has't written?

Count. No, nor read.
But if from Dulness any may succeed,
To that and Nonsense I good Title plead,
Nought else was ever in my Masquerade.

Nonsf. *No more, by* Styx *I swear*
That Opera the Crown shall wear.

A I R.

Nov. *Away each meek Pretender flies,*
Opera *thou hast gain'd the Prize.*
Nonsense *grateful still must own,*
Thou best support'st her Throne.
For her Subscriptions thou didst gain
By thy soft alluring Strain,
When Shakespear's *Thought*
And Congreve's *brought*
Their Aids to Sense in vain.

Beauties who subdue Mankind,
Thy soft Chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely Eyes
The melting Wish arise:
While thy Sounds inchant the Ear,
Lovers think the Nymph sincere;
And Projectors,
And Directors,
Lose a while their Fear.

Enter

Enter Charon.

Luck. How now, *Charon?* you are not to enter yet.

Char. To enter, Sir! Alack-a-day! we are all undone: Here are Sir *John Bindover* and a Conſtable coming in.

Enter Sir John, *and* Conſtable.

Conſt. Are you the Maſter of the Puppet-Show?

Luck. Yes, Sir.

Conſt. Then you muſt along with me, Sir; I have a Warrant for you, Sir.

Luck. For what?

Sir John. For abuſing *Nonſenſe*, Sirrah.

Conſt. People of Quality are not to have their Diverſions libell'd at this Rate.

Luck. Of what do you accuſe me, Gentlemen?

Sir John. Shall you abuſe *Nonſenſe*, when the whole Town ſupports it?

Luck. Pox on't, had this Fellow ſtaid a few Moments longer, till the Dance had been over, I had been eaſy. Harkye, Mr. *Conſtable*; ſhall I only beg your Patience for one Dance, and then I'll wait on you?

Sir John. Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the Magiſtrate with your Bribes: Here ſhall be no Dancing.

Nov. What does this Fellow of a Conſtable mean by interrupting our Play?

AIR XXI. Fair *Dorinda.*

Oh Mr. Conſtable,
Drunken Raſcal,
Would I had thee at the Roſe.
May'ſt thou be beaten,
Hang'd up and eaten,
Eaten by the Carrion Crows.
The Filth that lies in Common Shores,
May it ever lie in thy Noſe,
May it ever
Lie in thy Noſe,
Oh may it lie in thy Noſe.

Luck.

Luck. Mollify yourself, Madam.

Sir John. That is really a pretty Creature, it were a Piece of Charity to take her to myself for a Handmaid. [*Aside.*

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly; —— If Magistrates are to be abus'd at this Rate, the Devil may be a Constable for me. Harkee, Madam, do ye know who we are?

Nov. A Rogue, Sir.

Const. Madam, I'm a Constable by Day, and a Justice of Peace by Night.

Nov. That is a Buzzard by Day, and an Owl by Night.

AIR XXII. New-market.

Const. *Why, Madam, do you give such Words as these*
To a Constable and a Justice of Peace?
I fancy you'll better know how to speak,
By that time you've been in Bridewell *a Week;*
Have beaten good Hemp, and been
Whipt at a Post;
I hope you'll repent, when some Skin
You have lost.
But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe;
Come down a good Guinea, and you shall be clear.

Nov. Oh, *Sir John*, you, I am sure, are the Commander in this Enterprise. If you will prevent the rest of our Show, let me beg you will permit the Dance.

AIR XXIII. Charming *Betty.*

Sweetest Hony,
Good Sir Johny,
Pr'ythee let us take a Dance,
Leave your Canting,
Zealous Ranting,
Come and shake a merry Haunch.

Motions

Motions firing,
Sounds inspiring,
We are led to softer Joys;
Where in Trances
Each Soul dances,
Musick then seems only Noise.

Sir *John.* Verily, I am conquer'd. Pity prevaileth over Severity, and the Flesh hath subdued the Spirit. I feel a Motion in me, and whether it be of Grace or no I am not certain. Pretty Maid, I cannot be deaf any longer to your Prayers, I will abide the performing a Dance, and will myself, being thereto mov'd by an inward working, accompany you therein, taking for my Partner that Reverend Gentleman.

Mast. Then strike up.

Enter Witmore, Moneywood, Harriot, Bantomite.

Wit. Long live his Majesty of *Bantam!*

Money. Heaven preserve him!

Bant. Your gracious Father, Sir, greets you well.

Luck. What, in the Devil's Name, is the Meaning of this?

Bant. I find he is intirely ignorant of his Father.

Wit. Ay, Sir, it is very common in this Country for a Man not to know his Father.

Luck. What do you mean?

Bant. His Features are much alter'd.

Luck. Sir, I shall alter your Features, if you proceed.

Bant. Give me leave to explain myself. I was your Tutor in your earliest Days, sent by your Father, his present Majesty *Francis* IV. King of *Bantam*, to shew you the World. We arriv'd at *London*, when one Day among other Frolicks our Ship's Crew shooting the Bridge, the Boat over-set, and of all our Company, I and your Royal Self were only sav'd by swimming to *Billingsgate*; but tho' I sav'd my Life, I lost for some time my Senses, and you, as I then fear'd, for ever. When I recover'd, after a long fruitless Search for my Royal Master, I set Sail for *Bantam*,

tam, but was driven by the Winds on far distant Coasts, and wander'd several Years, till at last I arriv'd once more at *Bantam*, ——Guess how I was receiv'd—— The King order'd me to be imprison'd for Life: At last some lucky Chance brought thither a Merchant, who offer'd this Jewel as a Present to the King of *Bantam*.

Luck. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon my Arm, which by good Luck I preserv'd from every other Accident, till want of Money forc'd me to pawn it.

Bant. The Merchant being strictly examin'd, said he had it of a Pawn-broker, upon which I was immediately dispatch'd to *England*, and the Merchant kept close Prisoner till my Return, then to be punish'd with Death, or rewarded with the Government of an Island.

Luck. Know then, that at that Time when you lost your Senses, I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a Waterman, and convey'd to his Wife, who sold Oisters, by whose Assistance I recover'd. But the Waters of the *Thames*, like those of *Lethe*, had caus'd an entire Oblivion of my former Fortune.—— But now it breaks in like Light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your Name *Gonsalvo?*

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh my *Gonsalvo!*
Bant. Oh, my deareſt Lord! } [*Embrace.*

Luck. But say by what lucky Accident you discover'd me.

Bant. I did intend to have advertis'd you in the *Evening-Post*, with a Reward; but being directed by the Merchant to the Pawn-broker, I was accidentally there enquiring after you, when your Boy brought your Nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the Son of a King should pawn a Hat!) The Woman told me, that was the Boy that pawn'd the Jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodg'd.

Luck. Prodigious Fortune!

[*A Winl-horn without.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An Expreſs is arriv'd from *Bantam* with the News of his Majeſty's Death.

Bant. Then, Sir, you are King. Long live *Henry* I. King of *Bantam.*

Omnes. Long live *Henry* I. King of *Bantam.*

Luck. Witmore, I now may repay your Generoſity.

Wit. Fortune has repaid me, I am ſure more than ſhe ow'd, by conferring this Bleſſing on you.

Luck. My Friend — But here I am indebted to the golden Goddeſs, for having given me an Opportunity to aggrandiſe the Miſtreſs of my Soul, and ſet her on the Throne of *Bantam.* Come, Madam, now you may lay aſide your Mask; ſo once repeat your Acclamations, Long live *Henry* and *Harriot*, King and Queen of *Bantam.*

Omnes. Huzza!

AIR XXIV. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

Harr. *Let others fondly court a Throne,*
All my Joy's in you alone;
Let me find a Crown in you,
Let me find a Sceptre too,
Equal in the Court or Grove,
I am bleſt, do you but love.

Luck. *Were I not with you to live,*
Bantam *would no Pleaſure give.*
Happier in ſome Foreſt I
Could upon that Boſom lie.
I would guard you from all Harms,
While you ſlept within my Arms.

Harr. *Would an* Alexander *riſe,*
Him I'd view with ſcornful Eyes.

Luck. *Would* Helen *with thy Charms compare,*
Her I'd think not half ſo fair:
Deareſt ſhalt thou ever be.

Harr. *Thou alone ſhalt reign in me.*

Conſt.

Const. I hope your Majesty will pardon a poor ignorant Constable: I did not know your Worship, I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you —— Ay more —— You shall be chief Constable of *Bantam*, —— You *Sir John*, shall be chief Justice of Peace; you, Sir, my Orator; you my Poet-Laureat; you my Bookseller; you *Don Tragedio*, Sir *Farcical*, *Signior Opera*, and Count *Ugly*, shall entertain the City of *Bantam* with your Performances; Mrs. *Novel*, you shall be a Romance-Writer; and to shew my Generosity, *Monsieur Marplay*, you shall superintend my Theatres —— All proper Servants for the King of *Bantam*.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This Gentlewoman is the Queen's Mother.

Money. For want of a better, Gentlemen.

AIR XXV. Oh ponder well.

Money. *Alack how alter'd is my Fate!*
What Changes have I seen!
For I, who Lodgings let of late,
Am now again a Queen.

Punch. *And I, who in this Puppet-Shew*
Have played Punchenello,
Will now let all the Audience know
I am no common Fellow.

Punch. If his Majesty of *Bantam* will give me leave, I can make a Discovery which will be to his Satisfaction. You have chose for a Wife, *Henrietta*, Princess of *Old Brentford*.

Omnes. How!

Punch. When the King of *Old Brentford* was expell'd by the King of the *New*, the Queen flew away with her little Daughter, then about two Years old, and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the Phiz of my Mother, and thus I ask her Blessing.

Money. Oh, my Son!

Harr. Oh, my Brother!

Punch. Oh, my Siſter!

Money. I am ſorry, in this Pickle, to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've ſaid: Tho' I have been reduced to let Lodgings, I was the Queen of *Brentford*, and this, tho' a Player, is a King's Son.

Enter Joan.

Joan. Then I am a King's Daughter, for this Gentleman is my Husband.

Money. My Daughter!

Harr. } My Siſter!
Luck. }

Punch. My Wife!

Luck. Strike up Kettle-Drums and Trumpets —— *Punch*, I will reſtore you into your Kingdom at the Expence of my own. I will ſend an Expreſs to *Bantam* for my Army.

Punch. Brother, I thank you —— And now, if you pleaſe, we will celebrate theſe happy Diſcoveries with a Dance.

A DANCE.

Luck. Taught by my Fate, let never Bard deſpair,
Tho' long he drudge, and feed on *Grub-ſtreet* Air:
Since him (at laſt) 'tis poſſible to ſee
As happy and as great a King as me.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

1 Poet,	Mr. *Jones.*
2 Poet,	Mr. *Dove.*
3 Poet,	Mr. *Marſhal.*
4 Poet,	Mr. *Wells* jun.
Player,	Miſs *Palms.*
Cat,	Mrs. *Martin.*

Four POETS ſitting at a Table.

1 Po. *BRethren we are aſſembled here, to write*
An Epilogue, which muſt be ſpoke To-night.
2 Po. *Let the firſt Lines be to the Pit addreſs'd.*
3 Po. *If Criticks too were mention'd, it were beſt;*
With fulſome Flattery, let them be cramm'd,
But if they damn the Play———
1 Po. ———*Let them be damn'd.*
2 Po. *Suppoſing therefore, Brother, we ſhou'd lay*
Some very great Encomiums on the Play?
3 Po. *It cannot be amiſs———*
1 Po. ———*Now mount the Boxes,*
Abuſe the Beaus, and compliment the Doxies.
4 Po. *Abuſe the Beaus!———But how?*
1 Po. ———*Oh! never mind.*
In ev'ry modern Epilogue, you'll find
Enough, which we may borrow of that kind.
3 Po. *What will the Name of Imitation ſoften?*
1 Po. *Oh! Sir, you cannot ſay good things too often;*
And ſure thoſe Thoughts which in another ſhine,
Become not duller, by becoming mine.
3 Po. *I'm ſatisfy'd.*
1 Po. ———*The Audience is already*
Divided into Critick, Beau, and Lady;
Nor Box, nor Pit, nor Gallery, can ſhew
One, who's not Lady, Critick, or a Beau.

3 Po.

3 Po. *It muſt be very difficult to pleaſe*
Fancies ſo odd, ſo oppoſite as theſe.
1 Po. *The Task is not ſo difficult, as put;*
There's one thing pleaſes all.
2 Po. *—What is that?*
1 Po. ——— *Smut.*
For as a Whore is lik'd, for being tawdry,
So is an Epilogue for ———
3 Po. [in a Paſſion] ——— *I order you,*
On Pain of my Departure, not to chatter,
One Word ſo very ſav'ry of the Creature;
For, by my Pen, might I Parnaſſus *ſhare,*
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the Fair.
1 Po. *You are too nice——for ſay whate'er we can,*
Their Modeſty is ſafe behind a Fan.
4 Po. *Well, let us now begin.*
3 Po. ——— ——— *But we omit*
An Epilogue's chief Decoration, Wit.
1 Po. *It hath been ſo; but that ſtale Cuſtom's broken;*
Tho' dull to read, 'twill pleaſe you when 'tis ſpoken.

Enter the Author.

Auth. *Fy, Gentlemen, the Audience now hath ſtaid*
This half Hour for the Epilogue ———
All Po. ——— ——— ——— *'Tis not made.*
Auth. *How! then I value not your Aid of that,*
I'll have the Epilogue ſpoken by a Cat.
Puſs, Puſs, Puſs, Puſs, Puſs, Puſs, Puſs.

Enter Cat.

1 Po. ——— ——— ——— *I'm in a Rage*
When Cats come on, Poets ſhou'd leave the Stage.
[Exeunt *Poets.*
Cat. *Mew, Mew.*
Auth. ——— *Poor Puſs, come hither pretty Rogue,*
Who knows but you may come to be in Vogue?
Some Ladies like a Cat, and ſome a Dog.

Enter

EPILOGUE.

Enter a Player.

Play. *Caſs! caſs! caſs! caſs! Fy, Mr.* Luckleſs, *what*
Can you be doing with that filthy Cat? [*Exit* Cat.
Auth. *Oh! curſt Misfortune——what can I be doing?*
This Devil's coming in has prov'd my Ruin.
She's driv'n the Cat and Epilogue away.
Play. *Sure you are mad, and know not what you ſay.*
Auth. *Mad you may call me, Madam; but you'll own,*
I hope, I am not madder than the Town.
Play. *A Cat to ſpeak an Epilogue———*
Auth. ———————*ſpeak!——no,*
Only to act the Epilogue in Dumb-Show.
Play. *Dumb-Show!*
Auth. ——— *Why, pray, is that ſo ſtrange in Comedy?*
And have you not ſeen Perſeus *and* Andromeda?
Where you may find ſtrange Incidents intended,
And regular Intrigues begun and ended,
Tho' not a Word doth from an Actor fall;
As 'tis polite to ſpeak in Murmurs ſmall,
Sure, 'tis politer not to ſpeak at all.
Play. *But who is this?*

Enter Cat *as a Woman.*

Auth. ——————*I know her not*———
Cat. ——————*I that*
Am now a Woman, lately was a Cat.
[Turns to the Audience.
Gallants, you ſeem to think this Transformation
As ſtrange as was the Rabbit's Procreation;
That 'tis as odd a Cat ſhou'd take the Habit
Of breeding us, as we ſhou'd breed a Rabbit.
I'll warrant eating one of them wou'd be
As eaſy to a Beau, as———kiſſing me.
I wou'd not for the World that Thing ſhould catch us,
Cries ſcar'd Sir Plume. —— *Fore-gad, my Lord,*
ſhe'd ſcratch us.

Yet

EPILOGUE.

Yet let not that deter you from your Sport,
You'll find my Nails are par'd exceeding short.
But—Ha!—what Murmurs thro' the Benches roam!
The Husbands cry———we've Cat enough at home.
This Transformation can be strange to no Man,
There's a great Likeneſs 'twixt a Cat and Woman.
Chang'd by her Lover's earneſt Prayers, we're told,
A Cat was, to a beauteous Maid of old.
Cou'd modern Husbands thus the Gods prevail on;
Oh gemini! *what Wife wou'd have no Tail on.*
Puſs wou'd be ſeen where Madam lately ſat,
And ev'ry Lady Townley *be a Cat.*
Say, all of you, whoſe Honey-moon is over,
What wou'd you give ſuch Changes to diſcover;
And waking in the Morn, inſtead of Bride,
To find poor Puſſy purring by your Side.
Say, gentle Husbands, which of you wou'd curſe,
And cry, my Wife is alter'd for the worſe?
Shou'd to our Sex the Gods like Juſtice ſhow,
And at our Pray'rs transform our Husbands too,
Many a Lord, who now his Fellows ſcorns,
Wou'd then exceed a Cat by nothing—but his Horns.
So Plenty then wou'd be thoſe Foes to Rats,
Henley *might prove that all Mankind are Cats.*

FINIS.

Au : B-68 : E4.

JKL

RICE INSTITUTE LIBRARY
P. O. Box 1892
Houston, Texas